

Get On Your Knees and Tell Me You Love Me

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Summary: Jackie Fratelli is being thrown into a new school with odd habits. She's being caught between two gorgeous, and different guys. Welcome to O'Riley High. Red vs. Blue Church/Tex York/OC Church/OC South/Wash Connie/Wash

1. Chapter 1

Today was my first day at a new high school. I loathed the fact my parents moved me out of my old school and put me in this hell hole. O'Riley High School. I looked up at the aged brick walls and sighed angrily. I hoisted my bag up onto my shoulder and strolled as casually as possible into the building. I felt confident in my light blue skinny jean that had several holes cut into it, and my black All Time Low shirt. I was comfortable in my black converse, and my hair fell in razored layers of blond. Only to end in a sharp contrast since I dyed my tips black.

I already had my locker number and combination so I immediately headed that way. I was greeted by a couple locking lips. All I could see was the back of a black, shaggy haired guy's head, and a girl with striking red hair. It was cut short, hovering over her shoulders. She had pale skin and her cheeks looked freckled. She was wearing all black, and her shut eyes seemed to be lined with black eyeliner.

"Excuse me . . ." I said quietly. "Excuse me . . ." A little bit louder. "Hey, if you don't fucking move, you're going to get sperm all over my locker. Christ." I rolled my eyes.

The couple broke the kiss, the red head glared daggers at me. If looks could kill, I'd be maimed because she couldn't kill me. The guy looked at me, dazed as if he felt like he was in a dream, but broke out of it when he looked at me. His hair hung in his eyes and under the strands of black I could see piercing blue eyes that studied me curiously. He gave me a once over before pulling away from Red and smiling at me.

"Hey, you must be new here. I'm Leonard Church, but you can call me Church, a lot usually do. This is Allison." He turned towards red and she was still looking at me, the need to tear me to shreds was clear in her dark brown almost black eyes.

"You'll call me Tex." She said before shoving Church away from her and leaving.

"Don't mind her she's . . ." He trailed off, lost in thought for a moment.

"Vicious? Yeah, does she always have that 'I'm superior, if you disagree, I'll knock you out' thing to her?" I glanced at him while I opened my locker.

Upon closer examination, Church clearly had muscle underneath the shirt. He couldn't really hide them, they were just there. He had pale skin, and a face that just made you wanna kiss him. He was wearing a black t-shirt and faded blue jeans. He was, in short, gorgeous.

"Yeah, she's always like that. So, what's your name?"

"Jackie Fratelli." I looked up at him with a small smile.

"Fra-what?"

"It's Italian."

"I think we'll keep your first name." He laughed.

"Sure thing, Leonard."

He rolled his eyes and smiled at me.

"Hey, where are you headed to, Blondie?"

"Leave her alone, Tucker." I saw Church roll his eyes.

"What, I can't flirt with the new girl?" Tucker grinned in a childish manner.

"You call that flirting? I thought I was on Main Street about to get raped. Don't treat me like I'm another one of this school's sex dolls, bro. I'm not. You know what? I'm still a virgin, and I'm sure as hell not giving up my virginity to you, lover boy." I gave him a once over.

Tucker was a brown haired boy with hazel eyes. His skin was lightly tanned and he was sporting a plain white t-shirt and jeans that may have been too loose for him. I just sighed and turned away.

"See you around, Church." I said as I stalked off with my back pack back on my shoulder.

I made it effortlessly to my pre-calculus class. I walked through the doorway of the classroom, and I strolled up towards the teacher. I slipped him my schedule and he glanced at it before his gaze rising

to meet mine. "I'm Mr. Maker, you must be new. Just take a seat, sweetheart. You'll get settled in." he stated as he turned away from me.

With a shrug, I turned and found a seat in the middle of the class. As I was setting my bag down, though, someone said, "Hey there, Blondie."

I knew for a fact it wasn't Tucker, but the snarky comment slipped from my mouth. "For Christ's sake. Hey, hello, my name is Jackie. Not Blondie." I looked over at the speaker, and fuck me sideways, because this school was filled with gorgeous boys.

"Relax, sugar, I only called you Blondie because you kind of remind me of the singer, besides, you look like you'd like her." the words spilled out of the soft looking lips effortlessly. Like he had a script of the day's happenings. He had short, dark brown hair. His hair still looked grab-able, and somehow it managed to look put together and scruffed up all at the same time. It met in the middle in a mini mohawk though, and somehow it looked cute. His eyes though, were what trapped me in place, made me meet his gaze. They were an bright aqua. Like the color of a resort's pool. the specks of green near the pupil seemed to be perfectly placed, like an artist spent hours trying to get them at just the right spot. He was muscular, like Church, but neither of them was scary, hulk-muscular. His skin was smooth, pale, and touchable. It took everything I had to not touch him.

I breathed in deeply, and gave him a once over. "Smart words, dear, I actually love Blondie. She isn't my favorite singer, but I like her."

"The name's James. But everyone calls me York." he flashed a smile that made her heart stop.

"I'm Dakota, but everyone calls me North. I doubt you'll meet my sister much, but she's South." said a light brown haired boy with stormy grey eyes.

"And I'm David, but call me Wash." The last guy shrugged. He had a sad look deep in his dark brown eyes. He had short cropped brown hair, and he looked wise beyond his years. But he struck me as the type who had a temper.

"What's with all the state names?" I sat down at my desk, my head in my hand staring at them quizzically.

"It's a thing we do. Just for the hell of it. We started it in middle school. Some kids use last names, others use states. Most of us are in a little society." York shrugged.

I shrugged too, turning in my seat.

"But, hey, Blondie, would the fresh meat like to hang with a bunch of us after school?" York flashed her a smile.

"Sure, why not?" I replied, returning a smile.

"Okay, sugar." he winked and I rolled my eyes, but I couldn't help but smile.

This was going to be interesting . . .

2. Chapter 2

When the last bell of the day rang, I followed York out into the student parking lot. He had led me to a sleek black Ford F-150. I easily admitted the truck suited his style flawlessly. He walked around to the passenger side of the truck and opened the door for me. I slid into the seat and set my bag down between my legs while York got into his seat and started up the truck. The engine came to life with a nice roar to it.

York glanced at me, seemingly taking in my figure, sizing me up, even. "So, we'll go to your house, let you change, head over to mine, and then we'll go to the beach." he flashed a smile at me.

"The beach?" I asked, giving him a curious look.

"Yeah, there's a bonfire tonight, and when I saw you I couldn't help but think, 'Hm, Blondie looks like a fun party animal, I should invite her to the bonfire', and then I proceeded to ask you." He shrugged casually.

I rolled my eyes, "I'm not much of a party animal, but I do like get togethers. The only problem is . . . I don't know any of the people we're getting together with." I cocked an eyebrow at him.

"That's exactly what it is, Blondie. A get together." I shrugged as York pulled out of the school parking lot.

We chatted casually as I showed him the way back towards my new home. When we did get there, I made him wait downstairs while I ran up to my room and changed. I slipped on a black bikini with cobalt blue trim and strings before I pulled on a pair of blue jeans shorts and a tank top. The tank top was kind of tight and it showed off some- a lot of cleavage. I hated having a bigger breast than most girls. It was really useless and annoying. I slipped on a pair of sandals and I clipped my hair up into a messy bun, the razored strands of my hair naturally falling out of it. I ran downstairs to find York and my mother chatting casually.

My heart sank and I immediately went into an internal panic.

"Jackie, you seemed to have made friends effortlessly. James is such a sweet boy. What ever happened to 'Ma, I don't want to go to that school. I'm going to sit in my room and whine until you take me back'?" she started to laugh as she put a hand on the wall while she doubled over.

York chuckled while I started to flush furiously.

"Ma, I didn't say that. Ever." I scowled at her.

I glanced nervously at York, who just gave me a cute little smirk.

"I know sweetie, I'm just toying with you." she giggled as she

straightened out, "She's so sensitive, I swear." she explained to York.

"I am not!" I huffed. "Mom, we're going to hang out with a couple of Yo- James's friends. I'll be back tonight."

"He's cute, good catch." she made a bad attempt at "murmuring" it in my ear, all I heard next was York laugh under his breath.

I took no more chances and began pushing York out the door.

"Make sure my baby stays safe, James!" was the last thing we heard my mother yell.

I sighed heavily as I climbed back into the truck and slumped in my seat. Suddenly feeling extremely self conscious and even more embarrassed than I ever remember being.

"You guys are cute." York said with a heart stopping smile.

"We are not. She's annoying . . . and embarrassing." I looked out the window of the passenger's side.

York started up the truck again and began to make his way back to his own house. "I think it's cute, and apparently your mother thinks I'm cute." he chuckled again.

You are cute . . . You're sexy, York. I thought to myself, but I didn't answer out loud.

York placed his hand on my knee when we stopped in front of a russet looking brick home and looked at me. "Look, it's fine. I'm the one that should be scared. My own mother's home and she tends to be like that too. I might just make you stay outside."

I opened the door of the truck and slinked out. "No, I want to go on." I grinned at him.

He shook his head with a chuckle and led me inside. As soon as the door opened, I was nearly smacked in the face with the scent of a delicious smelling stew. My mouth watered slightly as York went into the kitchen, and reemerged with a lovely looking woman in her mid thirties She had a rich auburn color to her hair and eyes that matched York's. They sparkled as she smiled and greeted me.

"Hello, sugar. I'm Joanne, James's mother."

"Hi, Joanne. My name is Jackie." I smiled at her while York slipped away towards the stairs to go change.

"So, you're new to the school?" she asked as she disappeared into the kitchen again.

I followed her slowly before answering, "Yeah, my mom and I just moved here."

"Oh dear, if I would have known earlier you probably would have had a plate of somethin' sweet already." she shook her head and smiled. "I'll get to work on that, deary."

"Oh, it's alright. I would hate to take time out of your schedule."

"But I insist, sugar." she looked up at me with the sparkling crystal, aqua eyes. She gave me a look, I knew I couldn't say no to her. She was so sweet.

"Alright, if it isn't a problem." I said quietly.

"I'll get to work on that as soon as possible." she beamed at me just as York stepped into the kitchen. I looked back over my shoulder.

York had exchanged the long sleeve thermal he had on for a black wife beater and the black jeans for a pair of swimming trunks. He smiled at me when he looked over before turning to his mother.

"Alright, mom, I'm going to be heading out." he said as his mother turned around.

She grabbed his face before kissing his cheek. "You be safe now. Take care of Jackie too, now. Don't get too crazy." she smiled before York grabbed my wrist and led me out gently. When we got back to the truck, he sighed happily.

"That wasn't as bad as I thought it would be." he grinned.

"Please, she's so sweet. I don't know why you would want to hide her from me." I rolled my eyes teasingly.

"Nah, I wasn't hiding her. Now, how about that bonfire?"

3. Chapter 3

As York was driving onto the sand of the beach, I watched the fire of the bonfire flicker and sway in the wind. It was mesmerizing. There were a bunch of kids everywhere, and a red Chevy truck in the spot next to the one York parked in. In it was a guy with messy brown and blond hair sitting in the bed of the truck. He had an angular face and flawless skin. Straddling him was a petite girl with her back turned to me. From what I could tell she was pale and she had straight, fiery red hair. She was locking lips with him and she had her fingers twined into the guy's hair. The guy had his hands locked firmly on her hips as she sank slightly into his lap.

>York banged the side of the truck lightly, causing their attention to turn towards him. "I want you guys to meet the new girl, Blondie."
"Actually, it's Jackie." I smiled.

>The girl and the guy both stood, jumping off of the side of the truck into the sand next to us. The girl's stormy gray eyes sparkled at me. "Hi, I'm Zayda. This is my boyfriend, Alex. Everyone calls him Jersey."
"Hey, how are ya?" Jersey asked.

>"Good, actually. It was a boring - oh my god, you like ATL and Avenged Sevenfold?" I grinned at Zayda.
She perked up and held up her wrist. "Yes, actually." Her face seemed as if she just dropped off into a deep thought. "You're in one of my classes. I remember seeing you." She smiled.

>York and Jersey exchanged a look before leading us towards the bonfire. There were tons of kids; I recognized Wash, North, Church,

Tucker, and Tex among them, but that was about it.
A beach blond-haired girl with dark green eyes had been hanging over Tucker. She had her hair in loose pigtails and she was wearing a skimpy yellow bathing suit. She had freckles dotting her cheeks, and a surfer's tan, but she was pretty cute.

>"That's Sister, and the guy glaring at her and Tucker, is Grif, Sister's brother. Sister's an underclassman."
I nodded and my gaze went to the guy in the orange and black Hawaiian swim trunks. He had the same green eyes and tan, only his hair was a darker, dirty blond, unlike his sister. He wasn't muscular, but he wasn't obese. He had a tribal-looking tattoo on his right shoulder sinking down to his mid-bicep. The top of the tattoo started at his mid-neck, and it crept and curled along his collarbone. He had a cigarette in his mouth and he puffed on it angrily.

>The guy next to Grif was Simmons, apparently. He had plain maroon swim shorts on and he looked like he was miserable. He was, in short, a ginger. His hair was that shade of orange-red, he also had freckles along his cheekbones. His hair was proper and trimmed, unlike some of the other boys here. He had oval shaped glasses on, and he was rather pale.
Hanging out with Tex were two girls. One went by the name Carolina. She had short blond hair and bangs that were different from mine, which were side-swept. Her bangs were straight rather than pushed to the side. The bangs and two strips of hair towards the front of her 'do were dyed a bright orange color. She was wearing an aqua one-piece, only it was strapless, and the sides had two huge triangles cutting into it.

>The other one was South, North's twin sister. Her hair was bleached blond, and it was razored into uneven layers. It was bobbed, but just plain messy. It suited her though. She had the same shade of gray eyes as her brother. The same skin tone, they looked a lot alike. She wore a purple two-piece, but with boy-shorts on the bottom instead of a normal fit.
There were two blond boys off to the side chattering happily. One was named Donut, which I thought was an odd name. The other was Caboose, another odd name. Caboose, everyone suspected, had issues upstairs. Donut was flat-out feminine. Donut was a sandy-haired boy, with emerald green eyes. He had an angular face, but it suited him well. He was lanky and wearing pink swim trunks.

>Caboose on the other hand had a baby-like, chubby look to him. He had rounded cheeks, and deep blue eyes. His hair was more golden, and it was longer. I was terrified of having him ask me to do something for him, because I was positive it would only take one puppy dog look to make me give in. He, unlike Donut, had on a pair of navy blue swimming shorts.
There was a girl next to Wash wearing a brown bikini with simple straps. Almost all of her brown hair was cut off, except a handful of hair that fell down on the left side of her head. She had deep brown eyes and a look on her face that told me she was in love with Wash. It was pretty obvious. Her name was Connie. People she hated were supposed to call her C.T.

>The sun was setting, making the bonfire look even more exquisite.
I stripped off the tank top and shorts I had on, leaving me in the bikini.

>"Hey, Blondie." York murmured softly in my ear.
"Yeah?" I forced a shutter down, not wanting to let him get to me so easily.

>"Race you guys to the water." He grinned back towards Zayda and Jersey.
York took off sprinting, kicking up sand behind him as he went. Jersey immediately ran after him. Zayda and I exchanged a look before taking off after them. Zayda was actually pretty fast, so she and I passed Jersey, but she lagged behind to stay with him. I was gaining on York, who was laughing as if he had the race down-pack. As

soon as I was within touching distance of York, I yelled, "Hey, York, you're slow!"

>I laughed as I used my remaining energy to sprint past him; the adrenaline pumping through my veins was exhilarating. I felt York grab my hips and try to bring me down at the last second. His legs clashed with mine and sent us both tumbling into the salty water. I managed to get a quick breath and hold it as we plunged into the now orange looking water. I was lucky I could easily hold my breath for a long time, otherwise York's weight would have kept me under and I would have run the risk of drowning. York, though, realized he was what was keeping me under the water and pulled me up. His arms were tight around my waist and his body was less than an inch from mine.
I felt guilty, because I had literally just met him today. His lips inched closer to mine and I felt a wave of want wash over me, but had Jersey decided it was a great time to splash us with water. Damn it.

4. Chapter 4

After we had a splash war with Zayda and Jersey, I playfully jumped on York's back. I clung to his shoulders as I wrapped my legs around his hips. He grabbed my thigh to hold me in place as he waded deeper into the water. I rested my chin on his shoulder. My body relaxed slightly. The water was exceptionally calm, and as smooth as glass. I let go of York and hopped off of his back. I smiled up at him as I leaned back so I could float on the water. York waded next to me, placing his hand on the back of my upper thigh while the other was on my upper back. His calloused fingers were brushing softly against my skin causing me to shiver pleasantly. I looked up at him, the pale crystal aquamarine of his eyes studying me curiously. There was a smile on his face, and his hair had been flattened and plastered to his head. The hand on the back of my thigh was removed as he reached up and fixed a stray strand of my wet hair. I ceased my floating and stood in front of

>him.
I took the chance to admire his features - the curve of his lips, the angles of his jaw.

>"If I do this, will you promise not to kill me, Blondie?" York flashed a smile and I felt my heart jump in my chest. He was so good-looking. I was going to go with the flow, but I hoped it wouldn't fuck up later.
"I promise." I smiled back up at him, feeling trapped in his gaze.

>His hand rested at the back of my head, tilting my head back. As he leaned his head forward, his other hand snaked down to my lower back, using it to pull my body to his. Slowly and gently, he pressed his lips to mine. It was a soft and sweet kiss, yet my nerves and senses seemed to spark. It was long, and it lingered rather than ended abruptly or he tried to dig his tongue into my mouth immediately. My eyes fluttered shut, letting my senses consume me.
York was taking his time, and even though I admired it, my nerves were begging for more. I wrapped my arms around his shoulders. One of my hands clamped softly on the back of his neck while the other twined its fingers in his hair. York's hand on the back of my hand slipped down so that it was resting on the curve of my bottom. I felt his tongue brush softly against my bottom lip, and I immediately invited him in. He took this invitation with a squeeze of my bum and his tongue slipped into my mouth with ease. The brush of his skin against mine sent goose bumps all over my skin. York's tongue danced with mine. I could feel our hearts pounding against our chests as I pushed closer to him.

>York pulled away, I could feel his breath on my face. My breath was

slightly irregular. York smiled at me and said, "You're a good kisser, Blondie." He winked at me before wading back out of the water.
I followed him back to the bonfire, where everyone was dancing to some techno song with a hypnotic beat. Well, there were exceptions to everyone. Church and Tex were feeling each other up. Zayda and Jersey were in the middle of a hot make-out session to the side again.

>Instead of asking if I wanted to dance, York led me to his truck. He gracefully climbed into the back of his truck. He threw himself down to the bed of the truck, which I figured must have hurt, but as I climbed over the back of the truck, I realized he had a mattress and sheets in the back.
"What do you think?" He asked.

>At first I thought that it was really cool. But then I came to a sudden conclusion.
"What's wrong?" He asked, suddenly looking worried.

>"I guess this is where you get all the girls you like." I turned my head to face the water.
"No, god, Jackie, I swear that's not it. I have it here so I can hang out with people and look at the stars. I'm not some pervert like Tucker, you know." I watched him stare at me in my peripheral.

>When I didn't answer, he pushed himself to his knees and leaned towards me. "Come on, Jackie. I'm not a man-whore. I just wanted to admire a pretty girl while she admired the stars."
I looked at him and slid to my knees in front of him. "And you expect me not to think of you as a man-whore when you're flirting ridiculously." I gave a small smile.

>He kissed the tip of my nose and maneuvered to lay on his back.
I didn't react right away, but slowly I moved so I was on my back next to him. He moved his hand so that it was next to mine, an open invitation. Slowly, I twined my fingers with his gripped softly. I could tell he was smiling as I looked up at the stars. It had already gotten rather dark, and there were hundreds, maybe thousands of stars shining brightly. Little silvery dots that covered the dark sky. The only thing that compared to them was the crescent moon that hung in the sky. We star gazed for what felt like hours but in reality was only a few minutes before York turned his head toward me. My mouth opened slightly in a gasp when a star shot across the sky. I shut my eyes and wished. Wished for everything to be as good as possible. For everything to remain blissful. When I opened them again, I turned my head towards York. My bangs fell into my eyes. He brushed them aside and pressed his forehead against mine.

>"You missed a shooting star." I spoke quietly.
"I was paying attention to something even more beautiful than a star." He smiled at me.

>I blushed before I snuggled into his arms, shutting my eyes, slowing my breathing.<p>

* * *

><p>I was startled awake by the sound of the truck's engine being started. I woke up alone on the mattress of the truck. I poked my head over the back of the truck to find the beach deserted, the bonfire reduced to embers, and the only sound other than the truck was the faint chirp of the crickets. The back window of the truck was opened and I stuck my head through it to look over at the smirking York.
"Hello, sleeping beauty. You fell asleep on me."

>"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to." I blushed.
"Don't worry about it, Blondie. You're a cute sleeper." He said.

>I rolled my eyes and moved so I could jump over the side of the truck into the sand. I got into the passenger's side of the truck as

York started to drive away. It was about ten thirty, and we would get back at around eleven.
We soon got back to my house and we kissed goodbye. I slowly crept up to my room, not wanting to wake my mother up.

5. Chapter 5

It had been a few weeks since I joined the school. York and I had started dating, and Church and I had become close opposite sex friends. Zayda and I became the best of friends, seeing how all the other girls were either horribly bitchy or brain-dead.

>"Alright, girlyies, put two band bracelets in the hat. Seven Minutes In fucking Heaven." York gave a devious smile and we all slipped off two bracelets each and dropped them into the hat.
York wouldn't let us look at who dropped what in, but he eventually set his in and set the top hat in the middle. The twelve of us gathered round. There was seven girls and eight guys. Tex, Carolina, and South were nestled together on one side, while I was in between Church and York. Zayda and Alex were next to Church. Wash was on York's other side, with Connie relaxed next to him. Next to South was North. Tucker was next to him. Followed by Sister, Simmons, and Grif.

>I hugged my knees while York decided who would go first.
"This is going to turn into a huge fuck fest, I swear." I muttered under my breath.

>"What was that, Blondie?"
"Oh, nothing." I smiled innocently at York.

>He grunted, "If I didn't have plans for you, I'd be sending you first."
I rolled my eyes while York nudged the hat towards North.

>"Wait, is this shit going to be same sex if we pull the bracelet?" Carolina asked.
The guys looked towards each other with an awkward fear. The girls just shrugged, not seeming to care.

>"If the two agree, sure, why not?" York grinned.
With a sigh, North pulled a bracelet out of the hat. It was a black and red one with the word "HIM" on it. I suspected it to be Tex's, or Carolina's, hell, maybe South's, but it was Connie's. She was a usually sweet and shy girl. I expected her to like softer music. Oh well.

>Connie gave a nervous glance to Wash, who was too busy staring at South to notice. She got up and North followed her into the closet. York started the closer. After three minutes we didn't really think they were doing anything until someone's body hit the door and Connie moaned. We giggled like school girls until York stood at seven minutes on the dot and he opened the door. Connie fell to the ground, sprawled with a leg around North. North had barely caught himself from crushing Connie.
Connie flushed furiously and pushed North off, making her way back to her spot next to Wash and North made his way with a cocky smirk on his face.

>Tucker grabbed a yellow bracelet out of the hat and grinned. In a light pink, cursive looking font was the name Katy Perry. We didn't really have to think of who it was, our eyes immediately went for Sister.
They scampered off to the closet and started up their little thing.

>Like that, the pairs went on.
Wash and South. Church and Tex. Grif and Carolina. Connie and Simmons. Simmons and Sister. Grif and Tex (Church wasn't too happy). Tucker and Carolina. Zayda and Jersey got each other *twice*. And sister apparently wanted to go again with North.

>It was finally York's turn to pick. He was either going to pick me, or South. To my misfortune, he picked out a black Escape the Fate

bracelet. South.
South grinned at him in a way that made my stomach twist horribly.

>That must have been the longest seven minutes of my life. Church put his arm around my shoulder in a comforting gesture. Tex eyed me uneasily as the clock ticked slower and slower.
There was none of the usual moans coming from the closet which made me feel slightly better, but I was still feeling sick to my stomach.

>York finally opened the door himself looking a bit bland. Like nothing ever happened. South on the other hand looked completely disappointed and pissed off.
Church reached into the hat and grabbed one of the last two bracelets. We all knew who it would be.

>Tex was already killing me in her head, I could tell. Church stood, and proceeded to help me up. We cautiously stepped into the closet and I looked up at Church's clear blue eyes. I saw the desire, but he reached up and touched me as if I were breakable. I could see the confusion we both shared. Loving two people and not knowing what to do.
One of his hands slid towards my waist while the other gently twined its fingers in my hair. Church pulled me close and pressed his lips to mine. Soft at first, he was so gently. He usually was. It took a while before he asked for the entrance into my mouth, and I gave it to him. His tongue danced around my slowly as he pulled my body against his. My arms were around his neck, but I broke the kiss and smiled at him before I pulled away. Church handed me my Avenged Sevenfold bracelet and I slipped it onto my right wrist.

>York opened the door, behind him I heard, "That was only five minutes, York." Sister giggled.
"Tex was gearing up to kill me."

>"Here, Blondie." York handed my KISS bracelet and I slipped it on.
"So how was kissing South?" I asked as he shut the door behind him.

>York pulled me close and murmured in my ear, "She's a bad kisser."
I smiled and tilted my head back, my arms snaking around him, connecting at the back of his neck.

>He pressed his lips against mine in a hard and passionate kiss. I slowly backed into the door, while York's hand went to my thigh. He lifted up my legs so I could wrap them around his waist. The only thing holding me up was his body against mine while his hands explored. I moaned softly and York took the chance to push his tongue into my mouth. He explored my mouth eagerly but we both stopped when we heard the click of the lock.
Those bastards locked us in.

>York looked back at me, "I'll pick it later. Right now it's you and me, Blondie." He smiled in the way that made my heart skip a beat and then he pressed his lips to mine.<p>

6. Chapter 6

After the get together, York managed to open the lock, god only knows how. My mom had sent me a text message telling me to get home soon. So we headed towards my house. York, for whatever reason thought I was cold and handed me his My Chemical Romance jacket. Not wanting to hurt his feelings, I took it, scolding him for being so nice to me while letting himself suffer. It had been stormy, not really cold. He just shrugged it off and smiled at me. I felt tiny in the jacket, the sleeves were too long and it was baggy on me. We did the same old routine and climbed into York's truck and headed back to my place.

>I invited York inside and entered the home. It was dark and I was

hit with a gut feeling that something was wrong. I turned the light on in the hallway and called out.
"Ma, are you there?"

>"Sweetie, I'm in the living room."
I glanced at York who gave me a curious look. I shrugged and walked towards her voice. It, like everything else, was dark. I flipped the light switch, illuminating the room.

>There, standing in front of my mother's shaking frame was my worst nightmare, and the reason we had moved to this town in the first place.
My father.

>He was holding a pistol pointed at my mother's head and giving me a sinister smirk.
"No!" I screamed at him as I tried to lunge forward towards the gun.

>I was stopped by York's arms clamping down around me. He pulled me back and turned me around. He pushed me forward towards the door as the sound of the gun being shot rang through the house. I turned around in horror as a pool of blood began to form around my mother.
"Run, Jackie." York ordered.

>I was too stunned to move. I watched York throw a vase at that abomination of a man. York barely missed a bullet before my father ran towards the back door. York went after him but stopped when I called for him.
My father escaped.

>I didn't care about that right now.
As I looked towards my mother's still body, I could feel my body collapse. York barely caught me. He picked me up bridal style and carried me to the kitchen he set me down on the counter. I hugged my knees and sobbed endlessly into them while York called the police. He quickly explained the situation before hanging up and moving to try to comfort me.

>His arms slid around me while I buried my face against his shoulder. I could feel my heart unraveling as I cried into his shirt, and I cried hard. I was clutching his sides as his shirt slowly started to dampen from my tears.
It got to the point where I no longer wanted to be in the same house as my mother's corpse. I could smell the iron of the blood.

>I pushed York aside softly as I got off of the counter and wiped my face. I headed straight outside towards the street. Somewhere in the middle of my senseless sobbing it had started to pour. My hair was soaking wet in a matter of seconds as I fell to my knees and bent over the grass in front of me. I started dry retching as York pulled my hair back. It was a while before I actually started throwing up. The lack of food in my system meant the stomach acid rising in my throat burned. I began vomiting until I could no longer.
I was dizzy, shivering, and bone tired when the police showed up. York wrapped his arms around me while the EMTs took my mother's body away. I buried my face against his shoulder, not wanting to look.

>The police questioned, he made me tell them about my father, his looks, any reason he would have to kill my mother.
I felt like punching the officer. How could he ask me these questions? My eyes were bloodshot, I was chilled to the bones, and I was exhausted.

>When the officer finally let me go, York put me in the truck and cranked the heater.
"I'm going to go get some of your clothes and you're going to stay at my house." He stated.

>I didn't speak, I just nodded stiffly.
He disappeared, and I saw him arguing with a police officer before she let him in. After a few minutes, York came out with a heap of clothes. He opened the door to the truck and set them down between us. He revved the engine and headed for his house. I was no longer sobbing uncontrollably, my tears had dried up and I was hiccuping and hyperventilating slightly.

>York made a call to his mother and father, telling them to come outside and help him. Within the minute, his parents came outside and took my clothes while York walked me to his room.
Instead of digging through my clothes, he went to his closet and handed me one of his larger shirts.
>"Change, Jackie." It was more of an order.
When I didn't reply, he disappeared.
>His mother entered the room and pulled me to my feet.
She wasn't her talkative self. It was odd, but then again, I knew my face was blank. I was dazed and confused.
>She peeled off the jacket and dropped it on the floor next to me. She pulled my shirt over my head and removed my bra. She was feeling awkward, I could tell, but she pulled the shirt over my head. She peeled off my jeans and underwear before handing me a dry pair of panties. Complying, I pulled them on before I sat down and continued to shiver.
"Jackie, you can stay here as long as you'd like." Was all she said before leaving the room.
>York replaced her in the room to find me clutching my knees, digging my nails into my skin.
"Jackie . . . Relax, please. I'm so sorry we couldn't stop your father."
>"He used to beat me . . ." Was all that came out of my mouth.
"What?"
>"He was an alcoholic. He used to beat me when I was a little girl. He used to hit my mother too, in violent fits. He thought I was a bastard child. He had suspected my mother of cheating on me. He hated me for the reason."
"Jackie, I . . ." He trailed off, staring at me in shock.
>I pushed my nails against my knees harder. I started to bleed slightly.
York stepped forward quickly and threw his arms around me. He hugged me tight and didn't speak. I just buried my face against his shoulder again and breathed in his scent. It somehow managed to calm me slightly.
>We both moved to lie down and just curled up. It wasn't our usual closeness. It was just what I needed, though. I was trying hard to not start crying again. My breathing slowed and calmed before sleep consumed me.<p>

7. Chapter 7

York was pretty worried about me. I was digging my nails into my skin in my sleep. I'd wake up with dried blood somewhere on my skin. It wasn't only that, either. I was having nightmares. Horrible visions of my father murdering my mother over and over again. But sometimes it was different. Sometimes he'd strangle her. Sometimes he would cut up her body until she bled to death. All the while I wasn't able to help the woman that nurtured me to the age of seventeen. Sometimes I was the one he was killing. He would beat me to a pulp, and if I hadn't died from the beatings, he would slit my throat or something of sorts.

I wasn't really eating anymore either, and if I did, I probably ended up throwing up when I was overcome with the dreams again. York had taken me to the hospital and he was forced to start giving me shots and pills to keep me nourished. The only time I ever truly got out of bed was to shower or go the bathroom. York was forced to go back to school, while I stayed home. York would come home and curl up with me until I made him go do his homework. Like usual, do to the fact I was terrified of falling asleep at night, I would pass out for an hour or two while he worked.

* * *

><p>I remembered the dream. It was the same old scene . . . only different. York and I walking in on my father about to kill my trembling mother. Only after he did, my father turned the gun on me. Purposely this time.<p>

"Now it's your turn, little Jackie."

I watched him pull the trigger. I felt York shove me to the side, my body numbly hit the wall as the bullet wizzed past the both of us. I watched York lunge for my father, knocking him in the ground. I heard the gun being shot again before York knocked it out of my father's hands.

"James!" I screamed for York. The name feeling odd in my mouth. But it felt . . . right.

The gun slid towards me as my father hit the floor and York doubled over in pain holding his shoulder.

I scrambled for the gun, pushing myself to my knees. My hands shook violently as I leveled the gun with my father's chest. Without thinking twice, I fired. The bullet digging into my father's chest, I watched the blood pour out of the wound.

* * *

><p>I woke with a jolt to find York hovered over me.<p>

"Jackie . . .?" His face was creasing with worry.

"York." I breathed and threw my arms around him.

I clung to his body and he sat there in a moment of shock before he pulled me close. His arms wrapping around me in a protective manner.

"You called me James. You were sleep talking again and you called me James."

"That is your real name, isn't it?" I looked up at him.

"It is, but I was at my desk and you whimpered it. It startled me but I came over to see what it was about."

"I killed my father in my dream. I think my father is trying to kill me because I'm not his. Which means I have to leave. I can't risk having you guys get hurt." My words poured out of my mouth.

I scrambled and tried to stand up but York pulled me down. When I wouldn't stop squirming he laid me back and pinned me to the bed. I struggled against him as the tears started to fall again.

"York . . . James . . . please?"

"No, Jackie. There is no way in hell I'm letting you leave. Where are you going to go, huh? You think you can just run off and deal with him yourself?" When I didn't answer, and continued to sob, he

continued. "Jackie, either we put you under police protection, or you stay here and you let me protect you."

I sucked in a ragged breath of air and looked up at him.

He pressed his palms to my cheeks and made me stare at him.

"Jackie . . . I- I love you. I know we really haven't been dating for that long but . . . I really love you. I've been telling that to you every day each time you fell asleep. I think its time you hear it while you're lucid. I would have taken that bullet for you."

I cringed. "I'm not asking you to do that. I don't want that. I just want you in my life." Is all I say. The images coming up fresh in my mind of York being shot in the shoulder.

"I can do that, Blondie." He put on a faint smile.

I couldn't help myself, I pulled him down and kissed him hard. Pouring my depression, anxiety, fear, love, and everything I was thankful for in that kiss. He kissed back, he hadn't been expecting it. Slowly, he pulled back and looked down at me.

I reached up and touched his face lightly. "I want to go to school."

"You can come with me tomorrow."

"Good. Oh, and James . . .?"

"Yeah, Jackie?"

"I love you too."

* * *

><p>While one hand clung to the strap of my backpack, the other gripped York's hand. I was worried I had been squeezing too hard but York didn't say anything about it. He walked me to my locker and let me put my stuff in it and grab my English book. We headed to York's locker where Zayda stood nearby. She threw her arms around me the moment she saw me.<p>

"I'm so sorry. York, after I don't know how long, finally told me what was wrong. You could have talked to me."

"I know, but I wasn't really talking to anyone. I was in zombie mode." I smiled slightly.

"It's okay, Blondie." I had nearly forgotten that most of my friends had adjusted to calling me that.

I held her for a moment before I let go. "Thanks, Zay."

She smiled at me before running off to go to her guitar class. York retrieved his stuff and quickly took me to my English teacher.

"Ah, Miss Fratelli. We're back, I see."

Without a usual snarky remark, I sat down. Wash gave me a usual sad

look, while North tried to put a comforting hand on my shoulder. I looked at them and put on a smile.

The announcements came on, interrupting the intro of a lecture.

"Good morning, O'Riley High. This is a quick reminder that prom is in a few weeks." and with that, it ended.

York gave me a pleading look and I frowned.

"I don't think I want to . . ." I murmured.

"Please, for me, Jackie? Come on, you need a prom experience." He gave me a look, and he knew I'd give in.

"My mother just died, York." I said, maybe a tad bit loudly.

A few kids turned and gave me incredulous looks. Some made me feel alien, others made me feel heartless, they said, "How could she be in school when her mother just died?"

I could see the hurt in York's features, but he composed himself. "Yeah, but you wanted to finish your high school experience, like your mother would have wanted."

My rebuttal faltered. He was right. I looked up at him with a blank look. "Fine, I'll go."

8. Chapter 8

**I know, I know, I haven't posted long ass time, but after watching the two new episodes of Red vs. Blue season 10, I said, "I have to freaking write, like, now." So here I am! I hope you enjoy it. **

* * *

><p>I couldn't take a step through the halls without hearing a word being uttered from a girl who gossiped too much. Two weeks had passed since the day York had asked me to be his date, and everything just got jumbled up.<p>

York helped me through as much as he could, but he had his own things to deal with, so I made sure I never bothered him too much.

I learned who was who in my life. I found out Zayda was amongst the gossipers, and it hit a sore spot. I had never wanted to hit someone so hard in my life, but that day was an exception. I could honestly say, I hadn't felt more betrayed than that, and it just added up on the grief over my mother.

York and his mother, helped me get everything in order with her funeral, and it was harsh, but we got my mother buried, and I visited often. Joanne offered to let me stay in her home for as long as I needed, though I promised I wouldn't overstay my welcome.

Church and I had become better friends, and I had started talking to a few more people, and I became close friends with this girl, Montana. She was sweet and quiet, everyone knew her because of her

odd quirks, but she was usually super shy.

Just the other day, Joanne and Montana took me to shop for dresses. Joanne refused to let me pay, I was only really allowed to pay for lunch that day, and Joanne's been hiding the dress and accessories from York since.

Like every other morning since my first day back from school, I woke up and wrapped my arms around the muscular body next to me. "Good morning, York."

York pressed his lips to my forehead and smiled, "Good morning, Blondie." He said with a teasing tone in his voice.

Smiling, I kissed his lips softly before I slowly swung my legs over the edge of the bed. York rolled over, and kissed a bit of exposed skin on my lower back. Before I could let him convince me to stay in bed, I stood up, slinking over towards the closet so I could get dressed. I grabbed my clothes and turned to go towards the bathroom.

"You know, you could change here. I won't do anything." York said, and I turned towards him. He was sprawled out on the bed, and he was looking towards me.

I blushed slightly and stopped, considering it. I looked at him, shirtless with a hopeful look in his eyes. I gently set the clothes I picked out on the ground before I straightened out. I slowly pulled my shirt over my head, exposing my bare breasts to him.

Shyly, I looked up at York to see him squirm slightly as slowly bent over to take off my pajama bottoms off, along with my underwear.

I couldn't help but blush as York looked me over. "You shave?" he said, a little wide eyed.

"Yeah," I said quietly as I bent over to pick up my clothes.

"Wait," York said and I immediately stopped. York pulled himself out of bed. I watched him walk up and take the clothes from my hands. He didn't touch me in anyway, just looked down at me with a subtle smile. "Can I help you?" he said quietly.

I smiled faintly back at him, "Of course you can." I said and I let him lead me towards the bed. I sat down for him as he grabbed the satin panties in his hand, and opened them up for me. I put my legs through and stood up so he could pull them up for me. His skin gently brushed against mine and set shivers up my spine. He gently kissed my mid-thigh before grabbing my jeans, letting me put my legs through before pulling them up to my hips and doing them up. He kissed my waist softly, causing goose bumps to rise along my arms.

"York," I said quietly as I he grabbed my bra and stood up turning me around gently.

He shushed me softly, and gently put my arms through, adjusting them to my breasts gently. I closed my eyes as his hands gently touched the sensitive skin of my breasts, before they traced to my back slowly. He kissed my shoulder softly as he hooked the clasp.

"James," I breathed as I turned my head to kiss him.

He allowed himself to kiss me back before pulling the shirt over my head. He gently pulled me back against him, and I felt his hard member against my bottom. I blushed as he kissed my neck.

"I love you, Jackie." He mumbled softly before he turned to get dressed himself.

Before he stepped away, I pulled him close and murmured in his ear, "I love you too." He smiled at me, and went to get dressed. I watched him, letting my eyes trace every fine line of his body. Before I realized, he was done, and I couldn't help but pout slightly.

"Come on, Jackie." He said as I slipped on a pair of flats and grabbed my bag. I followed him out the door towards his truck. I climbed into the familiar leather seat and watched the houses pass by as he drove to school.

When we got there, I could see Church hanging out next to Tucker and Caboose. I smiled at the fact Church looked annoyed by the two so early in the morning, and York walked me over to hang out a bit while he went to toss a football with Wash and North.

"Hey, what's up?" I asked, leaning back against Church's car, feeling more like my old self.

"Nothing, just these to dipshits being fucking annoying." Church scowled.

"Hey, I am not a dipshit. Caboose is." Tucker crossed his arms.

"Caboose is not a dipshit, he's cute." I scuffled his hair, and Caboose hugged me.

"You're a nice girl."

I laughed softly and hugged the blond back. "Thank you, Caboose!"

The bell rung out across the school and I glanced over my shoulder at York who smiled at me. "We've got to get to class, come on." I said to the trio.

9. Chapter 9

I sat down in class and took out my notebook, my pen was in my hand and I started to scribble on the page, my usual routine.

Mr. Maker strolled into class and waited for the class to quiet down. "Alright, alright, I know Prom is later tonight, and I know you teenagers are just bubbling up with excitement, but we're just gonna have one little lecture. Is that too much to ask for?"

The class groaned in unison.

"Alright, the quicker we start, the quicker we'll get through it. Now

let's open to chapter twenty-one."

I grabbed the book from my backpack and flipped open to the page. Mr. Maker immediately began teaching and it wasn't before long that I had a page worth of notes, and believe me, I liked to write as little as possible.

"Alright, now let me just remind you guys to be safe, this may be prom, but that doesn't mean you can go crazy." Mr. Maker spoke with a serious look in his eye. "Now you can go." He added, and the class almost seemed to evaporate.

York waited for me to grab my bag before he led me into the crowded halls. "So, are you excited?" York turned to me with a smirk playing at his lips that made my heart leap.

"Of course I am." I smiled back at him. "I think your mom is picking me up early to get started on my hair." I decided to mention.

"Aw, but I need to get my hair done too." He ran his fingers through his hair and let out a soft laugh.

I shook my head and giggled softly, "I better get going."

He pressed his lips against mine, even the small kiss made me feel electric. "See you later, Blondie."

I smiled and walked outside to where Joanne was waiting. She smiled and waved me into her car.

"Alright, let's get you to the salon." She smiled at me.

At the hair salon, the hair dresser and Joanne chatted with me. "Do you have any plans for college?"

"Well, I'd love to go somewhere, but I was thinking of selling an idea of mine."

"Oh?"

"Yeah, when I was younger, and even nowadays, I like to tinker with computer software and programs. When I was younger, I made a program, of sorts. I'd love to show you, Joanne, when we get home before we do my makeup and stuff." I said.

"That sounds like a wonderful idea." Joanne smiled at me while they hair dresser styled my hair.

Joanne agreed to let me pay the hair dresser, and I made sure to give her a great tip, because my hair looked amazing. It was falling in luscious curls that framed my face, and I could admit, it looked great on me.

We headed home, and I grabbed a USB drive and a projector I managed to get from the house when we were getting some of my stuff. I set everything up, and attached the computer microphone to the desktop. Once everything was loaded, a small pixilated person appeared on the wall, it appeared to be breathing, and blinking. It looked like a blond teenage girl, like my mother when she was a teenager."

"Wow, what is that?"

"An A.I. Artificial Intelligence, based off of a human mind, to help with certain things. Her name's Minerva, after the Roman goddess."

"That's really interesting, how does it work?" Joanne stared at the projection in awe.

"Minerva, what time is it?"

_"3:40." _

"Minerva, forecast the weather for tomorrow."

"Tomorrow is forecast to be sunny, with two percent chance for rain. It will be eighty-five degrees."

"Wow, and you want to sell this?"

"I don't want to sell Minerva, I want to make more. For the military, I want to program them to perform logical analysis and assist our soldiers." I explained before I shut Minerva down. "Not a lot of people know about this, and I haven't really been able to tell James, but I want to after prom."

"That's fantastic, dear. Now let's get you ready." I smiled at Joanne, and nodded. I let her lead me around and order me around. York had come home after school, and began getting ready in his room. Joanne helped me put the prom dress on, and finally stepped me in front of a mirror.

The girl in the mirror was wearing a flattering layered lace dress made of the most brilliant aqua color. It was accented by a layer of black lace around the waist, and a satin bow just to top it off. That girl, me, was wearing a pair of killer black high heels, and a beautiful black and aqua necklace. With my hair falling down in a water fall of curls, I think I looked perfect.

"You look so gorgeous." Joanne said as she fixed my hair a touch. "Are you ready to meet James downstairs?"

I nodded slowly, and Joanne led me downstairs to where York and his dad were waiting.

York looked up as I descended the stairs, his eyes lit up, and the corner of his lips tilted upwards.

"You look beautiful." He said, almost in a whisper.

I blushed and looked up at him when I reached the bottom of the stairs. "Thank you."

"Alright you two, pictures!" Joanne smiled, and we let her

"The limbo's outside, we should get going." James said and kissed his mother on the cheek.

"Have fun you two! Be safe." Joanne leaned against her husband, almost reminiscing the old days.

"You're going to have a blast," York said as we got into the limbo.

"I know," I smiled at him and leaned over to kiss him.

10. Chapter 10

The limbo pulled up to a building as the sun began to set. York took my hand and led me indoors. We entered the ballroom where music had already begun to play. The lights were pulsing, and some people were already dancing. York led me over to take a picture with him. We posed, and smiled for the camera, and we were informed the picture would be sent to the address that was written on the form.

We began to walk around, saying hello to everyone, mingling and laughing at jokes. York kept his arm around my waist, and it made me feel warm and fuzzy. York even led me out to the dance floor to dance with him. I teased him, turning and dancing, swaying my hips for him, smiling up at him, pressing my lips against his.

We sat at a table with North, Wash, Church, Caboose, and Montana. Montana and North made a cute couple. Montana was quiet and shy, and North helped her open up a little. Montana was wearing a long champagne colored dress, and she looked absolutely gorgeous. We were all dancing until we were exhausted, taking plenty of pictures and finally they called us to eat, so we went and grabbed some food before continuing with our party.

Time felt like it was slipping. Seven turned to eight, which turned to ten. Not before long, it was almost midnight, and we were getting kicked out. To us, the night was still young. "Hey, let's go to the beach." Some of us suggested. So we sent the limbo driver home and someone offered to use their car.

We went out to the beach, and I was flooded of memories of the bonfire, one of the first parties I had gone to when I had come to this place, so I disappeared for a few minutes as I collected a bunch of dried out driftwood. I piled it up in the middle of our parked cars. Someone lit it up, and the fire grew and danced among us. Someone was playing music, and we were dancing again.

All my friends were there, we all had smiles on our faces, and no reasons to be upset. My mom would be proud that I was letting myself have fun. I'm sure she was smiling down on me right now. York kissed me deeply, and I felt the passion. The passion between us, and in the night.

Once we had relaxed a little, we were sitting in the back of someone's truck.

"Alright, we need to keep in touch. We can't run off." North said with a small smile to Montana.

"I have a feeling we'll be seeing a lot of each other." Wash nodded to himself.

I was leaned back against York, content with his arms around my waist.

Someone produced a case of beer and passed one to each person. I cracked mine open and took a sip.

"Who do you think is still going to be together in twenty years?" Montana asked.

Everyone glanced towards York and I. "Who do you think?" Church rolled his eyes and I nudged him with my foot.

"Oh shush."

"What time is it?" someone asked.

"3:30." Came the reply.

"Shit, we should get going." York said to the group, and Wash offered to take us home.

The car ride was quiet, I held York's hand tightly in mine as we rode home, we thanked Wash for the ride before we sneaked inside quietly. When we got into York's room, we kissed.

His hands slowly slid to my lower back as his tongue teased my lips. He shrugged off his jacket and undid his shirt as his lips played with mine. His hand almost expertly slid the zipper down slowly before letting the dress fall to me feet, leaving me in a pair of black lace panties.

York flashed me that heart melting smirk of his before he scooped me up and laid me down on his bed.

He kissed me hard, and I pressed myself against him, but he paused and leaned back. "Are you sure you want this?"

I nodded, pulling him down to kiss him passionately, lovingly, and he gave me the same in return. I wouldn't have it any other way.

* * *

><p>I woke up practically wrapped around York. He was playing with a strand of hair, smiling down at me.<p>

"What?" I asked.

"You're beautiful." He murmured softly.

I blushed and slowly sat up, covering my breasts with my hands. "We should get dressed before your mom comes in." I said.

He nodded and got up to get dressed, his naked body nice and toned from his constant working out. I let myself admire it before I moved to pick out some of my clothes. I got dressed, and right on cue, Joanne popped her head into the room.

"I hope you guys had fun last night, James, sweetie, you got a letter in the mail." She handed him the crisp envelope, and York took it.

She left and he sat down on the bed to read it. I crawled up next to

him and sat down; waiting to see what it was about.

"Jackie . . ." He said softly, and I looked over at him. Before he said anything, I could see it in his eyes. He was sorry.

"What?" I asked slowly.

"I got . . ." He trailed off before handing me the letter in his hands.

I scanned it quickly, the words making no sense, blurring together.

"You got drafted into the military? You signed up to be in the military?" The words rushed out of my mouth.

He looked up at me, a look in his eyes that begged me to understand.

I looked down at the paper. "Money for college . . . right." I said softly.

"Jackie, I'm sorry." He took my hands.

"No, it's fine. We can get through this." I looked up at him.

He kissed me softly, and I kissed back, trying to fight back the tears. I looked down at the paper.

"What's Freelancer?" I asked.

"I have no clue, I think they want to revolutionize warfare." He said.

I paused, and something clicked inside my brain.

"James?"

"Yeah?"

"I love you."

He kissed me again, "I love you too."

11. Epilogue

**This is the last, short, shitty chapter. But this marks the end of our tale. The ending idea kind of sparked in my head today, so I pushed out the end product. I hope you guys have enjoyed my tale of York and Jackie. I will miss your amazing reviews that helped me finish this. **

* * *

><p>It had been quite a few years since I had last seen York. I missed him with all of my heart. I was constantly worried about him, ever since war broke out. But I was doing my own part in the world. And I've been working hard to get access into Freelancer project. But

I had finally made it.<p>

I was stationed in the post to do some checkups on the A.I.'s that were given to the Freelancer project. I made sure to give an A.I. to this military group. There were a few certain people that needed the extra help. I was seated with my back to the door when two soldiers came in, the fall of their footsteps falling heavy on the floor due to their thick metal armor.

"Yeah, I hear the guy that gave us the A.I.'s is pretty smart. They a little weird to have in our head, but they're amazing in battle."

I recognized the voice. I spun around in my chair, waiting to see the face that belonged to it. "Why do you assume it's a guy?" I smirked.

"Oh my god, is that Jackie?" Wash said to the beige soldier's left.

"Blondie?" York yanked his helmet off; his eyes were wide with amazement as if I was a projection myself. He had a scar along his left eye, and I could immediately tell he had lost his sight. I knew that Delta, the A.I. that was assigned to him would have been helping him cover his blind side.

"You? You made them?"

"What can I say? I have a gift."

"That's amazing, Jackie, wow."

"Delta, remind York that I'll be coming by his bunker later to perform a better analysis on you and him."

"_Noted." _

"Then I'll see you later, Jackie."

When the room cleared once more, footsteps came up behind me.

"Miss Fratelli, I sincerely hope you do not plan on distracting my soldiers."

"Ah, the director. No, I merely seek to do several tests on Delta. And don't forget, if not for me, you wouldn't have had the Alpha." I didn't glance back, I gathered my things, and headed to say my farewell to York until the next time.

End
file.